

The Mirror

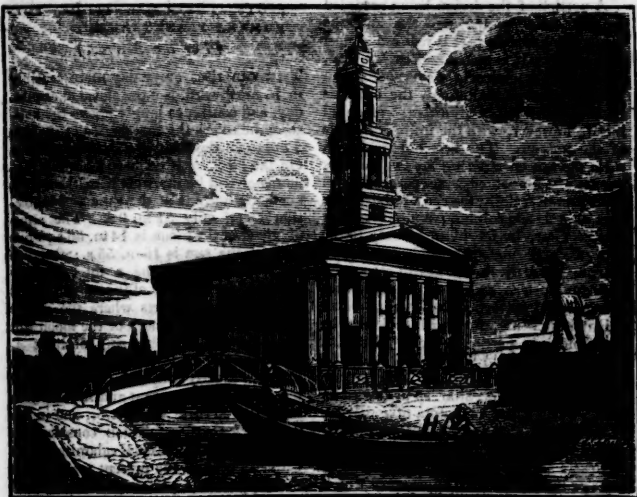
OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 246.]

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1827.

[PRICE 2d.]

St George, Camberwell, Surrey.



THIS church stands on the south bank of the Surrey Canal, about a furlong and a half from the high road. In plan it is an entire parallelogram. The body is composed of four plain unbroken walls of stone, with common dwelling-house rectangular windows and doorways, as devoid of mouldings and architectural ornaments as the building is of grace and elegance. The windows are in two series; the upper long, the lower shallow. The doorways are in number five, and are all in the western wall. In describing the walls as unbroken, I have, however, forgotten to notice several pilasters of pasteboard projection, one of which has a station between the two windows nearest the west, in each of the side walls; two others divide the east front into three portions.

In the central division is a window. This elevation, like the western, is finished with a pediment and acroteria. To the western front of the building is attached a portico consisting of six fluted columns of the Grecian Doric order, sustaining an architrave, frieze, and cornice of a doubtful order and insignificant proportions, which are continued round the

whole building, and, together with the rest of the edifice, have no other connexion with the columns, than the cramps and cement that hold them together. When I add, that the triglyphs and mutules are entirely omitted, and that the whole entablature wants breadth, it will be seen how barbarously the order has been innovated upon. There is, however, an attempt at ornament in the frieze of the west front, where the places of the triglyphs are supplied by chaplets of myrtle. Excepting the porticoes, Mr. Bedford's church designs are very convenient; and their dubious style of architecture equally suits the Doric and the Corinthian.

The steeple, between a tower and a spire, possesses some merit for its originality. In common with the body of the church, it stands high in its designer's favour, having been set up with but little variation on two other churches.

The plan is square, and the elevation is made into two principal diminishing stories, the whole supporting a square pedestal, with honeysuckle mouldings on each face, and finished with a stone ball and cross. The first story rests on a rusticated basement, and in each face are

two Doric columns with *antæ* at the angles. On the frieze two chaplets, as the west front. The second story is uniform; the order Ionic. Both stories are open, and the angles with Grecian tiles. In many points of view this tower is not an inelegant object.

THE INTERIOR.

A portion of the design being occupied by the stairs to the galleries and the tower, the audience part is reduced almost to a square; it is naked and empty, and, except in size, closely corresponds with Trinity Church; although the order is in that building Corinthian,—of equal merit, however, with the imitative Doric of the present. The first objects which meet the eye on entering are two pulpits, square unornamented boxes perched upon tall stone pedestals, formed of the upper part of a Doric column; and on looking for the altar, in its place is only to be seen a large unsightly slab of veined marble, more fit for a hearth-stone, let into the eastern wall, having the Decalogue, &c. inscribed upon it, which, like a Dutch painting, may with difficulty be made out in a particular light. Beneath is the Communion Table, and above, a frieze of gilt honeysuckles. I never saw in any building the altar so neglected as it is here. The usual quota of galleries, with their delicately tinted fronts, supported on slender Doric columns, all white or nearly so, remind the spectator how far inferior the cold naked appearance which modern architects delight in giving to a building, is to the brown wainscot galleries of the old churches. Although the altar is so totally neglected, the highly enriched organ-case displays that perversion of ornament which so fully proves a bad taste. Between the windows are placed Ionic pilasters, with enriched capitals, occupying the whole height from the floor of the church, to an architrave and a rich frieze of honeysuckle work, on which rests the ceiling, which is panelled into large square compartments, having a flower in the centre of each.

The font is an antique vase, enriched with mouldings, standing on a square pedestal; it is cast, I apprehend, in the same mould as that at Trinity Church, which actually cost the parish of Newington £32. 9s. though from appearance, any one unacquainted with the actual value of the article, would imagine it might be purchased of the itinerant Italians for as many shillings.

In the tower is a musical peal of six bells, much admired in the neighbourhood for their melody, which is no doubt improved by the adjacent canal.

The first stone was laid on the 7th of

March, 1822, by the bishop of Winchester, and the edifice was consecrated on the 26th of March, 1824.—*Gentleman's Magazine.*

ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATIONS FOR APRIL.

ECLIPSE OF THE SUN—THE SOLAR SPOTS—THEIR MAGNITUDE—PHENOMENA PLANETARUM.

(For the Mirror.)

THE sun rises every day more sensibly to the northward, is more elevated at mid-day, and continues longer above the horizon; he enters the first degree of the sign *Taurus* on the 20th, at 9 h. 30 a. evening. On the 26th, he is eclipsed; but this phenomenon will be invisible here, the moon's northern latitude at the time of conjunction being only 51 m. 9 s. The semi-diameter of the moon is 14 m. 56 s., while that of the sun is 15 m. 55 s.; therefore the eclipse cannot be a total one any where. At the time of the sun's greatest altitude in those parts where the eclipse is visible, the periphery of the moon will be encompassed with a ring of light $\frac{1}{4}$ of a digit in breadth. Eclipses have in all ages greatly attracted the attention of mankind; the ignorant and superstitious have viewed them with terror, and in former ages they were often considered as the forerunner of national calamities. The Chinese, even at the present period, upon their appearance, perform the most absurd and superstitious ceremonies, although they are so far acquainted with their nature as to be able to predict them.

The face of the sun when clear of spots, seen by the naked eye through a smoked or coloured glass, or through a thin cloud, appears all over equally luminous; but when viewed through a telescope, the glasses being smoked or coloured, the middle of the disc appears brighter than the outskirts, because the sun being a globular body, the light is darted more directly towards us from the middle than from any other part, while the *facule*, or parts brighter than the rest of the disc, appear more distinctly near the sides as being on a darker ground than in the middle—they sometimes turn to spots.

As regards the solar spots, or *macule*, as they are termed, there is a great variety in their magnitude, the difference being chiefly in superficial length and breadth; their depth or thickness is very small. Some have been so large as, by computation, to be capable of covering the whole surface of the earth, or even five times its surface. The diameter of a spot, when near the middle of the disc, is measured by comparing the time it takes in passing

over a cross hair in a telescope with the time wherein the whole disc of the sun passes over the same hair. It may also be measured by the micrometer, and thus we may judge how many times the diameter of the spot is contained in the diameter of the sun. They increase and decrease in magnitude, and seldom continue long in the same state. The number of them is very uncertain; there are sometimes a great many, sometimes very few, and sometimes none at all. Scheiner, who made observations on the sun from 1611 to 1629, says, that in the year 1625, he counted fifty spots on the sun at a time. Hevelius observed one that arose and vanished in sixteen or seventeen hours, and no one has been known to continue longer than seventy days. Those spots that are gradually formed are gradually dissolved, and those that arise suddenly for the most part vanish in the same manner. When a spot disappears, the place where it was generally becomes brighter than the rest of the sun, and continues so for several days. The spots all keep the same situation with respect to one another, and adhere to his surface or float in his atmosphere very near his body, and as long as they last are carried round in the same manner. By the motion of the spots, therefore, is learned, what would not have otherwise been known, that the sun is a globe, and has a rotation upon his axis.

Mercury cannot be seen this month, being enveloped in the brighter beams of the sun, he arrives at his inferior conjunction on the 5th, is stationary on the 19th, and at his greatest distance from the sun on the 25th.

Venus rises on the 1st, at 4 h. 20 m. morning, in 26 deg. *Aquarius*, and on the 30th, at 3 h. 37 m. morning, in 29 deg. *Pisces*, her illuminated part being directed towards the east.

Mars is too near the sun to be very favourable for observation this month; he rises on the 1st, at 6 h. 29 m. morning, in 10 deg. *Taurus*, and on the 30th, at 6 h. 33 m. in 1 deg. *Gemini*.

Jupiter. This noble planet is visible throughout the evening during the month, rising on the 1st at 6 h. 12 m. in 9 deg. *Libra*, reaching the meridian at 11 h. 54 m. He rises 2 hours earlier by the end of the month, and retrogrades 4 deg. The visible emersions of his first satellite are seven:—

On the 3rd, at 3h. 5m. 38s. morning.
 — 4th, at 9h. 34m. 5s. evening.
 — 11th, at 11h. 28m. 4s. —
 — 19th, at 1h. 23m. 9s. morning.
 — 20th, at 7h. 50m. 42s. evening.
 — 26th, at 3h. 16m. 19s. morning.
 — 27th, at 9h. 44m. 53s. evening.

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Saturn, having commenced a direct movement on the 26th February, arrives on the 14th of this month at the same spot where he was on the 14th January whilst moving retrograde; he will then be very near the star *Gamma*, in the constellation *Gemini*. He culminates on the 1st, at 5 h. 19 m. afternoon, in 1 deg. *Cancer*, setting at 1 h. 32 m. morning. He advances 1 deg. in the course of the month.

PASCHE.

THE SEA.

(For the Mirror.)

I've stood to gaze on the shining sea
 When its waters were slumbering silently,
 And the blue, bright heavens had seem'd to
 make

Their home in the depths of that boundless lake;
 When the curlew dipp'd her silvery wing
 In crystal, whose ceaseless glittering
 Resembled the starry flashes that rise
 In the poet's soul, and speak by his eyes.

I've stood to gaze on the quiet sea
 When its wild waves slumber'd so tranquilly—
 Unstirr'd by the summer winds' sighing breath,
 That it seem'd as if, after the vale of death,
 'Twas a radiant ocean to that bright shore,
 Where sorrow and sinfulness are no more,—
 And the holy might call o'er its gem-like breast
 On a lotus-leaf, to the isles of rest.

I've stood to gaze on the tranquil sea
 When the sweet stars lighted it, mournfully,
 As they show'd their glist'ning, tremulous faces
 From mighty, and unknown resting places;
 When the distant, noiseless barks, as they sped,
 Seem'd misty and gliding shapes of the dead,—
 And Ocean's self, like the shadowy light
 Of memory, beaming most gloomily bright.

I've gaz'd on the scarcely stirring sea,
 When the beautiful moon bath gloriously
 Look'd forth, from a thousand clouds of snow,
 On the sleeping waves of the world below;
 And oh! when the beacon glares redly bright
 In the delicate moon's delicious light,
 When storms are unrock'd of,—tis meet for me
 To pour my lone song o'er the midnight sea!

M. L. B.

THE LAST LEAF.

THOU sick'ning solitary leaf
 That hang'st on yonder blighted tree,
 Sad emblem of deserted grief,
 How like thou art to me!

A withered, apples, lifeless form,
 By all thy kindred long forsaken,
 Thou hang'st the prey of every storm,
 By every rude blast shaken!

Lost too for me is beauty's bloom;
 My peace, my joys, my hopes are flown;
 My friends lie mouldering in the tomb,
 And I am left alone.

Yet, ah! while many a moisten'd eye
 Is turn'd with mournful gaze on thee,
 Kind pity heaves no passing sigh,
 Nor drops one tear for me!

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF
ALL NATIONS.

No. IX.

LAPLANDERS AND REIN-DEER.

MANY of our readers will doubtless remember the engraving of the Laplanders and their rein-deer which we gave in No. 9 of the MIRROR, and many who were at that time unacquainted with our work, but who are now our readers, will remember that a family of Laplanders with a herd of living rein-deer were imported by Mr. Bullock, and exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and elsewhere, in the year 1822. From Captain Brooke's recently published *Winter Sketches in Lapland*, we learn, that in 1823, the Laplanders were on the Roraas Mountains, endeavouring to raise a herd of deer; that they had acquired great licentiousness in consequence of their visit to this country; and that they had wasted much of the wealth which they had taken away with them. The same writer further informs us, that out of two hundred deer brought by Mr. Bullock, only twelve thrive, and are now near Dublin. Others were placed in Scotland, but they died; still Capt. Brooke is of opinion, that if the experiment were tried, these fine animals might be naturalized in this country. The rein-deer, however, increases in bulk and power as it approaches the extreme north, and is a far finer animal in Spitzbergen than in Finmark. The speed of these animals is well-known, and Capt. B. mentions the following instance of one deer going one hundred and fifty miles, at the rate of eight miles an hour:—In consequence of the Norwegians making a sudden and unexpected irruption into the Swedish territories, an officer was despatched with a sledge and rein-deer to Stockholm, to convey the intelligence; which he did with such speed, that he performed one hundred and twenty-four Swedish miles (about eight hundred English) in forty-eight hours; but his faithful animal dropped down lifeless on the Riddarhustorget, just after his arrival in the capital. The bearer of the news, as it is said, was in consequence ennobled, and assumed the name of Rehnstjerna (Rein-deer Star.)

The Laplander can hardly be prevailed upon to sell his deer; but Capt. Brooke succeeded in purchasing one from a native, who brought it down to Fuglenæs to kill; an operation which the Laplanders will never allow a stranger to perform. We shall conclude this brief notice of

the manners and customs of the Laplanders with a relation of the singular and cruel operation of their

SLAYING A REIN-DEER.

Having fettered the animal, and thrown it upon the ground, he plunged his knife into it exactly between the fore legs, and left it there, sticking up to the hilt. The animal was then loosed; but, instead of life being extinct, after a little struggle it got upon its legs and walked a short distance, the knife still remaining in the wound. In this manner it continued for some time, appearing to be little affected, and the Laplanders were preparing to repeat the cruel operation, when the deer suddenly dropped, and immediately expired. This barbarous method of slaughtering their deer is general among the Laplanders of Finmark, and I have even seen the poor animal, after the knife was struck into it, appear so little conscious of the blow, as to begin feeding, and to survive several minutes before its effects proved fatal. The reason for leaving the knife in the wound is that the blood may be preserved, which would gush forth if the knife were taken out. When the animal is opened, the blood is found coagulated, and is carefully preserved by the Laplanders, who consider it a great delicacy.

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

THE WRECK.

HAVING arranged my affairs in Port Louis, bade adieu to the few acquaintances I had on that island, and settled myself comfortably in my spacious cabin of seven feet by five, in the good ship Albatross, my thoughts naturally reverted to home and my kindred—home! from which I had for eight years been an exile; kindred with whom (from the wandering, desultory life I led,) I had held little, or in fact, no communion. Shall I, said I to myself, find in the land of my nativity those congenial spirits, from whom, in the hey-day of youthful blood parting seemed so bitter, even amid the greedy cravings after novelty, so natural to the ardent and youthful mind? I thought of the changes time or death might have wrought, and could not repress my tears. The voice of the captain of the vessel aroused me from my reverie: "We shall have a greasy night, I doubt," said he, anxiously looking towards the receding land. I turned to gaze upon it; masses of dense and marble-like clouds enveloped it; the evening was lowering, and although there was scarcely enough of wind

to fill the sails, there was that uneasy motion of the waves, termed by seamen "a short sea;" and occasionally fitful squalls of wind swept past us, hurrying the vessel for an instant with the swiftness of a meteor, and then, leaving her to plough her sluggish course, rolling and pitching as the short abrupt seas struck her now forward and then aft. Every thing, as the captain observed, seemed ominous of at least a squally night; nor was he deceived.—I had continued on deck, listlessly watching the crew, as they bustled about the ship and rigging, making all snug, in anticipation of the gale, till at length the perfect stillness about me, broken only by the booming of the sea against the ship's sides, and the creaking of the masts and rigging, warning me of the lateness of the hour, I descended to my birth. It was then blowing a fresh breeze from the N. E.

I suspect I had slept about three hours, when I awoke, and found the ship lying down nearly on her beam ends, and by the rapid rush of waters past her sides, I knew that a heavy squall must have caught her. There was a great stir above, and the boatswain was turning up all hands. I rushed immediately on deck—the night was pitchy dark, and the wind had freshened to a hard gale: all the following day it increased; by night it blew a furious tempest, and the sea increasing with it, rose literally mountains high. We had hitherto laid our course, but the wind now hauled round to the eastward; to ease her, we sent down top-gallant-masts, mizen-top-masts, and jib-boom, and kept as close to the wind as the violence of the weather would allow us; but the sea canted her head off, so that she made more lee than head-way, and the rigging was terribly strained with the work:—about day-break, a tremendous storm tore the foresail in ribbons; we had now but a close-reefed main-top-sail and fore-try-sail set (every hand flatly refusing to go aloft to bend another sail to the fore-yard,) so that we had little hope of keeping off the Mozambique shore, near to which we imagined we must have driven; unless, indeed, the wind shifted, and of this there was little likelihood. The gale too, if possible, seemed to increase; the sky was one vast black cloud; and the rain fell so thick, that we could scarce distinguish an object from the wheel to the main-mast. One pump had been incessantly at work for the last six-and-thirty hours, but the water gained so fast upon her, that we were obliged to rig the weather one and even then we could scarcely keep it under.

About noon, however, the rain ceased, the atmosphere cleared, and the wind lulled; and then our spirits and energies revived. The captain now determined, if possible, to wear ship. After a hard struggle, we succeeded; and found, to our great joy, that she made better weather on this tack, as the sea now headed her, and she had time to rise to one sea before another struck her. By four P.M. we had gained considerably on her. She had still some water between decks, but nothing to be alarmed at; and though we had battened down the hatches, there was such a weight of water on deck, from the continual seas she shipped, it was impossible to keep them perfectly tight. Our anxiety was now in a great measure dispelled, and we sat down to the first comfortable meal we had enjoyed since leaving harbour; indeed we had not as yet been able to cook at all.

There was on board the Albatross, the young widow of an English merchant of Port Louis, returning with her infant to Europe. This lady strangely interested me. Settled melancholy was stamped on her pale and care-worn features: she would sit for hours gazing on the innocent face of her child, till the tears trembled in her eyes; and then she would start, and affect to smile, and to wonder at her own abstraction; but it was evidently the effort of a heart desolate and stricken. Her story was an affecting one. She had loved, and her passion was returned—but her lover was poor! They married—and her sordid, implacable parent, drove her from his roof, with bitterness and cursing. An offer was made to her husband to join a young but flourishing concern in the Mauritius; and he departed, leaving his Maria to follow him, should his hopes succeed. They did! Joyfully did she obey his summons: and her heart throbbed with delight, as she anticipated the moment when she should place in his father's arms, the son born to him in his exile. Alas! it was ordained that he should but see her—and die! She found him stretched on the bed of death! The rest of the story is soon told. The unhappy widow, with her infant, sailed for England—every hope and happiness buried in her husband's untimely grave!

The weather continued moderate for the whole of the two following days; and with a fair and leading breeze, we rapidly sped on our way towards the Cape of Good Hope. It was now the fifth evening since our departure: the day had been sultry, and the captain and myself stood upon the poop, conversing in high spirits: Mrs. C. sat between us, and she

appeared less dejected than usual. Suddenly it became very dark; the low distant thunder was audible from the S. W. Dark clouds gathered in that quarter; and they waxed more and more dense, till they almost covered the horizon, and seemed but just suspended above us; and the wind, which had hitherto been N. E., was now perfectly lulled. The captain started up, in evident alarm, and hastily summoned the crew. In a moment the decks swarmed with men; and bustle and activity succeeded the perfect stillness, which had prevailed but an instant before. The sailors shouted as they clung aloft to the yards; and those on deck responded. Blocks and slackened cordage clattered; and the sails flapped, and dashed heavily, as they hung in the brails. Something serious was evidently anticipated. The captain had his eyes steadily fixed on the quarter whence the ominous appearances gathered, and every gaze seemed to strengthen his apprehension. He beckoned to the mate, and muttered something to him in a low tone. The man turned pale as ashes, and exclaimed, "Good God! should it be so!" "Hush!" said the captain; "say nothing, but bear a hand, and make all snug, before it reaches us." I asked him if he apprehended very bad weather? His abrupt and morose answer increased my uneasiness, and I descended to the quarter-deck. The boatswain was here, seeing to the battening down of the hatchways, and to him I repeated my question. This fellow, a Swede, I believe the most phlegmatic in the world, just raised his huge body from his stooping position, and turning a plug of tobacco in his cheek, growled out, "I believe it was a ta'am'd hurricane a brewing," went coolly on with his work. I had seen the terrible effects of these convulsions of nature on shore, and was aware they were not less fatal on the ocean; my heart sickened, and I gave up all on board as lost. I leant over the starboard-quarter, my eyes fixed on the terrible S. W. Presently a cloud, of a most extraordinary nature, arose above the horizon: its colour was a dull gloomy red, and it seemed palpable to the touch; it appeared almost to reach the surface of the ocean, and to approach towards us. I looked at the captain: he had seen it; and the expression of his face was hopeless. "Captain Brown!" I exclaimed earnestly, "do you anticipate danger?" He made no reply, but mournfully shook his head, and continued his hurried walk athwart the break of the poop. The terrible phenomenon approached nearer and nearer; and we could

now hear the shrill howlings of the wind, and the breaking and boiling of the sea. A few men yet lingered in the rigging. Brown shouted to them to make haste down; and the sound of his voice too plainly evinced the state of his mind—it was broken and mournful. The crew were fully aware of their dangerous situation; and they had clustered together on the main deck, in silent and stupid bewilderment! At last it reached us; and the maddened elements, lightning and rain, tempest and sea, seemed to have poured forth all their fury, for our annihilation! The ship whirled round and round—every timber and plank trembled—and the masts and yards creaked and bent like twigs. One huge sea struck her fore and aft for a space, engulfing her beneath it. Then she rose, straining and quivering, to the summit of a mountainous wave; and again, with the swiftness of an arrow, plunged into the fearful hollow beneath. Thus, for a space, did she drive, totally ungovernable, at the mercy of the tempest. Meanwhile I had clung to the mizen-mast: my heart beat convulsively, and perfect consciousness forsok me. At length I felt the ship shooting, as it were, to the sky, and again hurled back. There was a fearful pause, followed by the mighty rustling of waters, by the crash of timber—and a wild shriek of agony and despair, arose even above the howlings of the tempest. The fore-mast and bowsprit both were gone, and had carried with them three unhappy wretches in their fall.

Poor Mrs. C. rushed up out of the cabin, with her child in her arms; and wildly clinging to the captain, entreated him to save her. With difficulty we succeeded in soothing her; and at length placed her on the sofa, in the cuddy, almost insensible to every thing about her.

At last day beamed; and the hopeless state of our ship was but too visible. The hurricane indeed had broken, but the wind, though it continued to one point, blew with the most fearful violence: we had no sail set, and she rolled, gunnel under, in the trough of the sea. At length, several waves successively struck her, and dashed over every part; the hatches were driven in, and the decks below were deluged in torrents; till at last the water burst upwards again, carrying every thing before it, from the waist to the fore-castle. The ship now seemed rapidly settling down; the decks were knee deep in water—horror was in every face, despair in every bosom! Vainly did we stretch our eyes, to catch, if possible, an approaching sail; but nothing could we see but water—water—

water! The crew, as the only place of safety (for the decks, from the waist forward, were torn up,) had collected on the quarter-deck, holding on by the stanchions and bulwarks, to save themselves from the furious seas, that almost momentarily broke over them. At length one of the men suggested, as a means of delaying at least the catastrophe that seemed inevitable, that the main and mizen-masts should be cut away: but then who would be hardy enough to put the suggestion into execution? Alas! every arm was unnerved, every heart paralyzed! "A few minutes more!" uttered the captain; and the words seemed to fall from him almost unconsciously. "O God!" he exclaimed vehemently—and is there no one among you who will make an effort to save her? He seized a hatchet, and sprung over the side, into the star-board main chains, exclaiming, "Let him that would preserve himself, follow me!" Urged either by shame, or the hope of saving themselves, two or three obeyed the summons: the rigging was cut away—the masts without any support, creaked and nodded—the ship, struck by a great sea, lurched fearfully—again righted suddenly—and the masts were gone.

It was noon; and since day-break, or a little after, had we been in a manner water-logged; clinging, or lashed, to the wreck: the furious sea every moment washing over us. Near to me sat Mrs. C., one arm clasped around her pale child, the other passed through a ring-bolt: her long hair matted together, hung wildly about her neck, and over her features; and her white dress, heavy with water, clung to her spare, emaciated figure. The ship now became weaker and weaker, and the sea began to make greater inroads. From the main-mast forward, she was already under water; and further aft, but a few inches remained above the surface. We could hear the washing of the cargo in the hold—and now she began to break up forward! One boat yet remained little injured—a cutter, on the inboard quarter. She was lowered, and instantly twenty men crowded into her. The captain, and a few more, refused to leave the ship. "The boat is too crowded—he would trust in his Maker: but this unhappy lady, save her if possible," he said. The child was taken from the arms of its unconscious mother, and placed in the boat; and a generous fellow had lifted her in his arms, and was about to step into the boat, when a huge billow, from the fore part of the ship, came rushing furiously towards her, bore her away on its summit from alongside.

—a receding one dashed her impetuously back—against the ship's counter she struck! Then arose a shriek and a cry—there was a struggling in the raging sea—and all perished! The hapless Mrs. C. had just enough of perception to be sensible of her child's fate; and she sprang, with a thrilling cry—"My son! my child!"—from the seaman's arms, into that wild sea; and, as if in mockery, it dashed and tossed her from billow to billow, for a space, and then closed over her for ever!

And there we clung to the wreck, myself and the wretched remnant of the crew, in the calm hopelessness of utter despair; watching the slow, gradual approach of the waters that were to be our grave! A man close beside me, exhausted, let go his grasp; and he floated, life not yet extinct, from side to side, and vainly stretched out his hands, to regain his hold—his features were distorted with the agony of his mind. I could not look upon him—I closed my eyes, and, as I thought in death!

Of what followed I have but a confused recollection. I remember something weighty falling across me. I opened my eyes—it was a mutilated corpse! and the bloody, disfigured features were in cold contact with mine! And even in that awful moment I shuddered, and endeavoured in vain to rid myself of my loathsome burden. And now I heard a shout, and an exclamation of joy—"A sail! a sail!"—but I had not strength to lift myself. Presently, I felt myself loosened from the lashings with which I had bound myself to the deck. I was lifted in the arms of some one!—From hence all was a blank!

The Cadmus, from Java to Liverpool, had seen us; and bore down just in time to save from the Albatross, myself and four others. In half an hour she was no longer visible!—*Literary Magnet.*

SONNET.

WRITTEN IN SOUTH AFRICA.

O, CAPE of storms! although thy front be dark,
And bleak thy naked cliffs and cheerless vales,
And perilous thy fierce and faithless gales
To staunchest mariner and stoutest bark;
And, though along thy coasts with grief I mark
The servile and the slave,—with him who walls
An exile's lot, and blush to hear thy tales
Of sin and sorrow, and oppression stark:—
Yet, spite of physical and moral ill,
And, after all I've seen and suffer'd here,
There are strong links that bind me to thee still,
And render even thy rocks and deserts dear:
Here dwell kind hearts, which time nor place
can chill,
Loved kindred, and congenial friends sincere.
Oriental Herald.

The Months.



APRIL.

Beneath a willow long forsook,
The *fisher* seeks his customary nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge,
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful *wild-duck's* early brood.

THE month of April is proverbial for its fickleness; for its intermingling showers and flitting gleams of sunshine; for all species of weather in one day; for a wild mixture of clear and cloudy skies, greenness and nakedness, flying hail, and abounding blossoms. But, to the lover of nature, it is not the less characterized by the *spirit of expectation* with which it imbues the mind. We are irresistibly led to *look forward*; to anticipate, with a delightful enthusiasm, the progress of the season. It is one of the excellent laws of Providence, that our minds shall be insensibly moulded to a sympathy with that season which is passing, and become deprived, in a certain degree, of the power of recalling the images of those which are gone by; whence we reap the double advantage of not being disgusted with the deadness of the wintry landscape from a comparison with the hilarity of spring; and when spring itself appears, it comes with a freshness of beauty which charms us, at once, with novelty, and a recognition of old delights. Symptoms of spring now crowd thickly upon us. However regular may be our walks, we

are daily surprised at the rapid march of vegetation; at the sudden increase of freshness, greenness and beauty: one old friend after another starts up before us in the shape of a flower. The violets, which came out in March in little delicate groups, now spread in myriads along the hedge-rows, and fill secluded lanes with fragrance. Last spring, however, though most abundant, yet, perhaps owing to the remarkable dryness of the season, they were almost scentless. The pilewort, or lesser celandine, too, is now truly beautiful, opening thousands and tens of thousands of its splendidly gilt and starry flowers along banks, and at the feet of sheltered thickets; so that whoever sees them in their perfection, will cease to wonder at the admiration which Wordsworth has poured out upon them in two or three separate pieces of poetry. Anemones blush and tremble in copses and pastures; the wild cherry enlivens the woods; and in some parts of the kingdom, the vernal crocus presents a most beautiful appearance, covering many acres of meadow, as in the neighbourhood of Nottingham, with its bloom, rivalling

whatever has been sung of the fields of Emma; showing at a distance like a perfect flood of lilac, and tempting every merry little heart, and many graver ones also, to go out and gather.

The blossom of fruit-trees presents a splendid scene: in the early part of the month, gardens and orchards being covered with a snowy profusion of plum-bloom; and the blackthorn and wild plum wreath their sprays with such pure and clustering flowers, that they gleam in hedges and the shadowy depths of woods, as if their boughs radiated with sunshine. In the latter part of the month, the sweet and blushing blossoms of apples, and of the wilding, fill up the succession, harmonising delightfully with the tender green of the expanding leaves, and continuing through part of May, recalling early recollections,* and delightful thoughts of our "youthful days."

Now the arrival of the migratory birds, and the sweet, though monotonous note of the cuckoo, announce the return of Spring, and all nature wears a cheerful aspect. Now the angler seeks his covert nook;—the lover of nature is up with the sun, and resumes his walks over hill, dale, and valley. The Spring—the joyous Spring is come,—but we must not dilate on its beauties at greater length at this moment. Our engraving and these few remarks are offered now; and we trust enough has been said by way of notice, until the coming month, when the "shining May," with its ripeness, and maturity, and joyousness will be a theme for more obvious and general remark.

* Time's Telescope.

STANZAS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANAK."

(For the Mirror.)

THE lark and the thrush are both singing aloud,
The one from the bush, and the one from the cloud;

So sweetly their notes on the wind float along,
That were I not sad, I could join in their song;
But I am no nightingale, taking a part
In the concert of joy, with a thorn in my heart;
So silent I wander, and heed not the strain.
For once it gave pleasure, but now it gives pain.

Alas! for the days, when with gladness I heard
The brook's gentle murmur, the song of the bird;

How changeable is man, but a season has fled,
And my heart to its once-cherish'd feeling is dead.

That stream now flows smoothly, tho' frozen so long;

That bird so late silent, now bursts into song;
But for me the stream flows, and the bird sings
In vain,

For my once happy feeling will come not again.

S. J.

The Linguist.



AMONG the singular characters which nature sometimes produces, and which display a diversity from mankind in general, few have been more remarkable than Richard Robert Jones, of Aberdaron, in Carnarvonshire, who, although an excellent linguist, is, in almost every other respect, an idiot. From what cause he imbibed a taste for the acquisition of languages, is not known. Born of humble parents, he had few advantages of education; and it was not until he was nine years of age, that he was enabled to read the Bible in his native language. He then attempted to acquire the English, but found it very difficult.

At the age of fifteen, Richard began to study the Latin, by the assistance of a boy in the parish-school, and by getting into the school-room while the boys were absent, and using their books. When nineteen years of age, he purchased a Greek grammar, and soon was enabled to read that language.

In some excursions from his native place, which the severity of his father, on account of his indolence, induced him to make, he procured some classical elementary works, and attracted the notice of the Bishop of Bangor, who took him into his house, where he remained but a short time. During a temporary residence at Anglesea, he became acquainted with some French-refugees, who supplied him with a grammar of that language, of

which he soon acquired so good a knowledge, as to speak it correctly. He next mastered Italian, which he spoke with great ease and fluency. The next excursion Richard made, was to Liverpool, where he had once before accompanied his father. His person and dress at this time were extremely singular. To an immense shock of black hair, he united a bushy beard of the same colour. His clothing consisted of several coarse and ragged vestments, the spaces between which were filled with books, surrounding him in successive layers, so that he was literally a walking library. These books all occupied their proper stations, being placed higher or lower, according as their sizes suited the conformation of his body; so that he was acquainted with the situation of each, and could bring it out, when wanted, without difficulty. When introduced into a room, he had not the least idea of any thing that surrounded him; and when he took his departure, he appeared to have forgotten the entrance. Absorbed in his studies, he had continually a book in his hand, to which he frequently referred, as if to communicate or receive information, and apparently under a conviction that every person he met with, was as much interested in such studies as himself. His sight was imperfect, his voice sharp and dissonant; and, upon the whole, his appearance and manners grotesque in the highest degree; yet, under all these disadvantages, there was a gleam in his countenance, which marked intelligence, and an unaffected simplicity in his behaviour, which conciliated regard.

Soon after his arrival at Liverpool, an attempt was made by some of his friends to obtain for him a suitable employment; but before that could be expected, it was necessary that he should be rendered more decent in his person, and provided with better clothes. Being then asked to what employment he had been brought up, he answered, to that of a *sawyer*. A recommendation was, therefore, given him to a person who employed many hands in sawing, and Richard was put down in the saw-pit. He accordingly commenced his labours, and proceeded for some time with a fair prospect of success. It was not long, however, before his efforts relaxed, and grew fainter and fainter: till at length he fell on his face, and lay extended at the bottom of the pit, calling out loudly for help. On raising him up, and inquiring into the cause of his disaster, it appeared that he had laboured to the full extent of his arms' length, when, not being aware it was necessary he should also move his feet forwards, and being

quite breathless and exhausted, he was found in the situation described. As soon as he had recovered himself, he returned to the person who sent him, and complained loudly of the treatment he had received, and of his being put down under ground. On being asked why he had represented himself as a *sawyer*, he replied, that he had never been employed in any other kind of sawing, than *cross cutting* the branches of timber trees when fallen in the woods in Wales."

As there was little prospect of instructing Richard in any useful occupation, he was placed in a situation at Liverpool, where he might pursue his studies with greater advantages; but after remaining there about six months, he returned home, until a new quarrel with his father again made him travel. He went back to Liverpool, where he was obliged to part with a Hebrew Bible, with points, and Massoretic various Readings; a sacrifice which he regretted so deeply, that he resolved to undertake a journey to London, for the purpose of buying another, and at the same time of obtaining some instruction in the Chaldean and Syriac languages.

In the summer of 1807, Richard accordingly set out from Liverpool, furnished with a small packet on his back, a long pole in his hand, round which was rolled a map of the roads, and his few remaining books deposited in the various foldings of his dress. This journey did not, however, answer the purposes intended; and, what was still worse, he could neither find any employment, nor obtain assistance "by any means whatever."

From London, Richard made his way to Dover, probably not without some intention of obtaining a passage to the continent. But here his ill-fortune seems to have changed, and he was engaged in sifting ashes in the king's dock-yard, under the direction of the superintendent, who benevolently allowed him his breakfast in a morning, and furnished him with a chest to keep his books, and also paid him two shillings and fourpence per day as wages. From this income Richard was not only enabled to provide for his personal wants, but also to pay the Rabbi Nathan, a celebrated proficient in Hebrew, for instruction in that language, and for the books requisite for that purpose. In this situation he continued for nearly three years, which seem to have been passed more happily than any other period of his life; nor can it be denied, that the circumstance of a person in his forlorn and destitute situation, labouring for his daily subsistence, and applying a part of his humble earnings to acquire a know-

ledge of the ancient languages, forms as singular an object as the annals of literature can produce.

In 1810, Richard returned to London, where he was reduced to the utmost distress, and compelled to sell all his books to prevent his being starved to death; the Welsh Bardic Society, however, on learning his destitute condition, furnished him with the means of returning to his native country.

In the perusal of the numerous works that have engaged the attention of this singular individual, his chief pleasure is not derived from the facts or the information they contain, but from the mere investigation of the words, and the grammatical constitution of the languages.

Richard's studies are diversified by some eccentricities, which show that he is not wholly incapable of other acquirements. At one time in particular, he was highly delighted with blowing a ram's horn, which he did in such a manner, as rendered him no inconsiderable nuisance to the neighbourhood. Having had a present made to him of a handsome French horn, he threw aside his former instrument, and, by constant assiduity, qualified himself to play a few tunes in a manner more remarkable for its noise than its accuracy. Thus accomplished, he paid a visit to Chester during the election of 1818; and arriving there at the precise time when the band of General Grosvenor were celebrating his return, he placed himself in the midst of them—

—“And blew a blast so loud and dread,
We're never prophetic sounds so full of woe.”

The derangement thus occasioned, induced the general to call him up to him; when, after a few words, he made him a handsome present, and gave him his permission to blow his horn as long as he pleased.

Another of his peculiarities is a partiality for the whole race of cats, which he seems to regard with great affection, and to resent any injury done to them with the utmost indignation. This singular predilection has led him to adorn the numerous books on grammar, which he has himself written, with prints of cats, cut from old ballads, or wherever else he can discover them; and to copy every thing that has been written and strikes his fancy respecting them; amongst which is “The Auction of Cats in Cataton-street,” the well-known production of one of the most celebrated wits of the present day.

The principal residence of Richard for some years has been at Liverpool, where he may be seen at times walking with a

book under his arm, without noticing or speaking to any one, unless he be first spoken to, when he answers in any language in which he is addressed, with great readiness and civility. If any gratuity be offered to him, (for he never solicits it,) he receives it with a degree of hesitation, generally using the words, “I am not worthy.” To any ridicule to which his dress may give rise, he is totally insensible. At one time he chose to tie up his hair with a large piece of green serot, which gave him the most ludicrous appearance possible. Some time since, one of his friends gave him a light-horseman's jacket, of blue and silver, which he immediately put on, and continued to wear, and which, contrasted with his hair and beard, gave him the appearance of a Jewish warrior, as represented in old prints, and consequently attracted after him a crowd of children. In his present appearance he strongly resembles some of the beggars of Rembrandt; and if he had lived in the time of that great artist, might have afforded a good subject for his immortal pencil.

Our engraving may be regarded as presenting a faithful picture of this highly eccentric character; and for the interesting sketch of the linguist's life subjoined to the illustration we hold ourselves indebted to the pages of the *Percy Anecdotes*.

The Novelist.

No. XCIX.

AN ADVENTURE.

As I was travelling from Florence to Rome, I remained for a few days at Terni, to view the famous cascade, the surrounding beautiful scenery, and the ruins of some ancient temples that are there to be seen.

I was furnished with a letter of introduction to the Marchese di Castelbruno, whose usual place of residence is a castle, from which he derives his title; situated in one of the most inaccessible parts of this ridge of the Appennines. Being anxious to explore a region so remarkable for its romantic and picturesque scenery, I eagerly seized this opportunity of delivering my credentials, and having provided myself with arms (a necessary precaution against the numerous banditti that infest the papal territory) I set off on horseback for Castelbruno.

It was one of those beautiful winter mornings so peculiar to the mild climate of Italy. After having crossed a fertile plain, where nature was clad in every charm of soft and tranquil beauty, I

reached the foot of a mountain; as I ascended, the scenery assumed a wilder and more desolate aspect. I surveyed its savage graces, with astonishment and rapture; rocky fragments glittered in the sun, and the deep blue sky spread its lovely canopy over this magnificent panorama. After passing through a thicket, a view suddenly unfolded itself which appeared rather an illusion of the fancy, than real nature. No magical wand was ever fabled to shift more instantaneously the scene. I now heard

The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Vellino cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The flashing mass foams shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil, in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

BYRON.

After having spent some time in admiring this sight of unparalleled magnificence, I continued my journey winding amongst these awful scenes, (of which no painting can give an adequate description, and of which an imagination, the most pregnant with sublime horrors, could form but a very imperfect idea), till I arrived at a narrow defile. On the one side huge masses of rock, sometimes lifted erect their bold and savage shapes, and sometimes, towered at an immense height over the path; with such threatening aspect, that I could not pass beneath them without feeling an involuntary shudder; on the other side was the frowning edge of a tremendous precipice, a mountain torrent struggling for passage, dashed and foamed in the abyss below, and added by its dismal roar, to the terror of the scene, which was heightened by the approach of darkness.

There was an air of wildness and desolation in every object around me, that inspired the mind with the most gloomy ideas. It conjured up to my imagination all the fantastical forms of "mountain sprites," and "mischievous elves," of which I had heard so many terrific tales in the days of my childhood.

Night was now fast approaching, and though I am not of a very timorous disposition, yet I must own I was not sorry to hear a faint and distant sound, which appeared to proceed from some convent bell, ringing for vespers; I followed the swelling tones, and to my great joy I soon perceived the spire of a village church. I made my horse quicken his pace, and having reached the summit of the mountain, I at last found myself again amongst human habitations.

It was a small hamlet, the abode of misery and wretchedness. I inquired of a peasant which was the residence of the Marchese. He shrugged up his shoulders, and pointed at an old moss-grown edifice.

It was a stern old pile of other days,
Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone,
Such as an army's baffled strength delays,
Standing with half its battlements alone,
And with a thousand years of ivy grown,
The garland of eternity, where wave
The green leaves, over all, by time o'erthrown.

BYRON.

The gloomy repulsive appearance of this building had excited so unfavourable an impression on my mind, that I hesitated whether I should enter it, but a feeling of shame came over me, I taxed myself with childish pusillanimity, and getting off my horse I led him over the draw-bridge.

I knocked at a ponderous gate, and, as if by magic, it flew open, creaking on its rusty hinges—no one appeared—I walked on into a spacious court-yard, surprised at the deep, profound silence which reigned in this vast mansion.

But now the next and most important consideration was whether or how to proceed. The place seemed quite deserted, and yet I was certain that the Marchese di Castelbruno resided in it. The only rational surmise was, that the family resided in some of the remote angles of the castle; and this I was determined to find out.

Uncertain which way to turn, I ascended an ample staircase, and as I trod upon the marble steps the sound was dimly re-echoed by the vaulted roof. I presently arrived in an immense hall. Its dreary walls were adorned with the dusty portraits of the former possessors of this desolate mansion, and the mouldering furniture laid about in strange confusion. The light of my torch aroused myriads of bats, and numerous owls were fluttering about trying to fly from the obnoxious glare, through the broken panes of the large Gothic windows.

Holding my torch in one hand, and grasping a pistol with the other, I remained for some time irresolute whether I should proceed. The most sombre reflections, such as the objects around me were calculated to inspire, now crowded upon my imagination. What, thought I to myself, can induce a person, of the rank and fortune of the Marchese, to reside in so lonely, so dismal a place? Might he not, perchance, be the leader, the chief of a horde of banditti, and seclude himself in this solitary spot to avoid suspicion, or prevent detection? The significant shrug of the shoulders which the peasant gave when I inquired

the way to this castle now occurred to me, and added considerably to my suspicions and to my uneasiness.

As I was busied with these reflections I imagined I heard a murmur in some adjoining apartment.—I startled. It appeared like the sound of human voices, they seemed to be approaching. I presently distinctly heard some one say—

“he must be here, we must find him.”

To recede was now impracticable, or at least equally dangerous as to remain. I placed myself against the wall, resolved, if it came to the worst, to sell my life dearly, and to make a stout defence.

A side door, which I had not perceived, suddenly opened, and two servants, with lighted torches, splendidly arrayed in gorgeous liveries, entered the hall. Their fear in beholding me, in so threatening an attitude as the one I had assumed, seemed very great. They inquired my pleasure, and having briefly explained to them who I was, and what I wanted, they desired me to follow them to their master's apartment; a request with which, after a little hesitation, I acquiesced.

I followed my conductors through a labyrinth of rooms, staircases and galleries, for this palace, like Armida's garden, was

“Perplex'd with walks in many a devious maze.”
till we reached a seemingly new erected wing.

• When through the loftiest gate, the wanderer passed,
(And three of these, the spacious structure graced.)

With sculptured silver, glorious to behold,
The valves, on hinges hung, of burnished gold !
Surprised I saw, excelled in every part,
The rich materials by the sculptured art.”

TASSO. JERUS. DEL.

In this elegant retirement I met with the most cordial and polite reception from the Marchese, who was surrounded by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen.

After the preliminary mutual compliments, he introduced me to the party. There was an air of candour in his behaviour, of benevolence in his countenance, that not only restored all my confidence, but made me ashamed of my former fears.

We passed the evening in jovial conviviality, and when the hour of bed-time arrived he apologized for not having a better room to offer me than the one he had ordered to be prepared; adding that the others were occupied by his friends who were present, and who were now on a visit to him. I begged he would put himself to no inconvenience on my account, and having wished him a hearty good night, I followed the servant who was to conduct me to my bed-chamber.

As I walked along I asked what was become of my horse?

“Your horse, sir,” replied the man, “is well taken care of in the stable; we heard you knock at the gate, and as we hastened down we were surprised to find him without the rider. We concluded that you must have come up by the wrong staircase, which leads to the uninhabited part of the castle, where we afterwards found you.”

This elucidation convinced me of the absurdity of my conjectures, and I reached my room with the same sensations of delight as a sailor may be supposed to experience, when, after a violent tempest, he reaches his destined port in safety.

After the servant had retired, I began to survey my apartment—it was in a state of dilapidation. The tottering window frames seemed ready to be blown down by every gust of wind, and the old brocaded curtains and chairs bore evident testimony to the active industry of the moths. Having well ascertained that no one was in the room, I locked the door, put out my candle, and throwing myself on the bed, I soon fell into a profound sleep. In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a tremendous noise, that shook the massy building to its very foundation. It was one of those sudden storms so common in these elevated regions, and of whose violence, those only who have travelled through mountainous countries can form an adequate conception. It was “a sublime, terrific tumult of the elements,” the bleak north wind hissed, and howled, with hideous moan, in all directions, and drove the rain and hail with incredible force against the shattered window. The vivid lightning flashed, in white fantastic streaks, in fearful rapid succession. Loud peals of thunder were re-echoed from mountain to mountain, and from that awful, that majestic sound, it appeared as if, *appropinquante mundi termine*—the whole creation's end were near at hand.

I got up to fasten my window shutter, and as I was groping about to find my bed again, I perceived, through a crevice in the wall, a faint glimmering of light. I approached softly, holding my breath. I looked, and started back, horror-struck. I mustered up all my resolution, and, advancing cautiously, I again beheld, in a sort of vault below, an assemblage of people, seated round a table covered with black cloth, on which lay several daggers, and, at the further end, stood a person whom I recognised as my Host. From his gesticulations, I conjectured that he was declaiming, with great vehemence, but the distance, as well as the noise of

the storm, prevented me from hearing what he said.

My blood curdled with horror at the sight; my hair stood erect, as if the chill of death had struck me. Every doubt had now ceased, every illusion vanished, and I had acquired the melancholy certainty of being amongst a band of ruffians, who, for aught I knew to the contrary, might at that very instant be discussing if, or how, they should put me to death. As soon as the first emotion of fear had subsided, I became more calm and collected. I dressed myself as well as I could in the dark, took my pistols, and having commended my soul to God, I seated myself in a chair, fully resigned to my fate.

In this terrible situation, the mind, agitated with a tumult of sombre ideas, floating, as it were, between horror and hope, life and death, I hailed with raptures the dawn of approaching day. The clock presently struck the hour of eight. The same servant came to wake me. I had no need of it, but perceiving the necessity of making "*bonne mine a mauvais jeu*," and, under the plausible pretext of an early ride, I ordered my horse.

As soon as I had got without the castle walls, I breathed a fervent prayer to God, through whose gracious interposition I had escaped the dangers that had encompassed me, and, without losing much time, I hastened back to Temi. I was aware that it would be equally dangerous, and imprudent, to make my adventure known till I had reached some place of safety, and therefore hastened to Rome, with the utmost expedition.

Having safely arrived in that city, I went the next morning to read the paper in the Caffé del Corso. I took up the "*Diario Romano*," and almost the first article I read, informed me that the Marchese di Castelbruno had been detected and apprehended as one of the chiefs of the Carbonari.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

AN ITALIAN SPRING.

SPRING advanced, and the mountains looked forth from beneath the snow: the chestnuts began to assume their light and fan-like foliage: the dark ilex and cork-trees, which crowned the hills threw off their burthen of snow; and the olives, now in flower, starred the mountain-paths

with their small fallen blossoms: the heath perfumed the air; the melancholy voice of the cuckoo issued from the depths of the forests; the swallows returned from their pilgrimage; and in soft moonlight evenings, the nightingales answered one another from the copses; the vines with freshest green hung over the springing corn, and various flowers adorned the banks of each running stream.—*Valperga*.

BIRDS' NESTS.

SPRING is abroad! the cuckoo's note

Floats o'er the flowery lea;

Yet nothing of the mighty sea

Her welcome tones import:

Nothing of lands where she has been,

Of fortunes she has known;

The joy of this remembered scene

Seems in her song alone.

No traveller she, whose vaulting boat

Tells of each fair but far-off coast:

She talks not here of eastern skies,

But of home and its pleasant memories.

Spring is abroad! a thousand more

Sweet voices are around,

Which yesterday a farwel sound

Gave to some foreign shore;

I know not where,—it matters not;

To-day their thoughts are bent

To pitch, in some sequestered spot,

Their secret summer tent:

Hid from the glance of urchins' eyes,

Peering already for the prize;

While daily, hourly intervene

The clustering leaves, a closer screen.

In bank, in bush, in hollow hole,

High on the rocking tree,

On the grey cliffs that haughtily

The ocean waves control;

Far in the solitary fen,

On heath, and mountain hoar,

Beyond the foot or fear of men,

Or by the cottage door;

In grassy tuft, in ivied tower,

Where'er directs the instinctive power,

Or loves each jocund pair to dwell,

Is built the cone, or feathery cell.

Beautiful things! than I, no boy

Your treasures may discern

Sparkling beneath the forest fern

With livelier sense of joy:

I would not bear them from the nest,

To leave fond hearts regretting:

But, like the soul screened in the breast,

Like gems in beauteous setting,

Amidst Spring's leafy, green array

I deem them; and, from day to day,

Passing, I pause, to turn aside,

With joy, the boughs where they abide.

The mysteries of life's early day

Lay thick as summer dew;

Like it, they glittered and they flew,

With ardent youth away:

But not a charm of yours has faded;

Ye are full of marvel still.

Now Jewish cold, and now pervaded

With heavenly fire, ye thrill
And kindle into life, and bear
Beauty and music through the air :
The embryos of a shell to-day ;
To-morrow, and—away ! away !

Methinks, even as I gaze, there springs

Life from each tinted cone ;
And wandering thought has onward flown
Where speed careering wings.

To lands, to summer lands afar,

To the mangrove and the palm ;

To the region of each stranger star

Led by a blissful charm :

Like toys in beauty here they lay—

They are gone o'er the sounding ocean's spray ;

They are gone to bowers and skies more fair,
And have left us to our watch of care.

Time's Telescope.

Arts and Sciences.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

(For the Mirror.)

SAR.—The following brief illustration of the article upon this subject, inserted in page 177, No. 243, of the MIRROR, may perhaps be acceptable.

Your's, most respectfully,
JACOBUS.

I. When a heavy body is weighed in any fluid, it loses therein so much of its weight as an equal bulk of that fluid is found to weigh ; thus per table, right-hand column.

A cubic inch of lead = .40917 } lbs.

A cubic inch of water = .03617 } Avoird.

Their difference is = .373 lbs., the weight of a cubic inch of lead in rain-water.

Example.—An irregular piece of lead-ore from Yorkshire, weighs in a scale 12 oz., but in water only 7 oz. (so that a quantity of water of equal magnitude weighs just 5 oz.) ; another piece from Derbyshire weighs in the scale 14½ oz., and in water 9 oz. What is the comparative (or specific) weight of these two ores ?

14½ — 9 = 5½ weight of water, of equal bulk to Derby specimen, then 14½ ÷ 5½ = 2½ Derby ore's gravity, and 12 ÷ 5½ = 66 Yorkshire ditto ; hence their specific gravity is as 2½ to 66.

II. The solidity of any body in inches, multiplied by the corresponding tabular weight, will give the weight in lbs. avoirdupois.

Example.—Admit a piece of oak measures 56 inches long, 18 broad, and 12 deep, what is its weight ?

56 × 18 × 12 = 12096 cubic inches, which multiplied by .0331, will give ra-

ther more than 400 lbs. and 6 oz. the answer.

Admit a block of marble measures 63 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet thick, what is the weight ? (This is given by authors, as the dimensions of an immense block in the walls of Balbec, in Turkey.)

63 × 12 × 12 = 9072 solid feet, which × 1728 = 15674416 cubic inches, this × by .09773 = 1532066 lbs. 13568 = 683 tons, 19 cwt. 8 lb. 2 oz. 17.

III. The weight of any body in lbs. Avoirdupois, being divided by the corresponding tabular number, quotes the solidity in cubic inches.

Example.—Suppose a piece of oak weighs 400.3776 lbs., what is its solidity ? 400.3776 ÷ .0331 = 12096 inches the answer.

IV. The absolute weight of a body floating in a liquid, is equal to the weight of such part of the fluid as is displaced thereby.

Example.—How many inches will a cubic foot of elm sink in water ?

.02894 × 1728 = rather more than 50 lbs. (the weight of a foot of elm, or of the water displaced).

50 lb. ÷ .03617 (the specific gravity of water) = 1382.3 cubic inches immersed, which divided by 144, gives 9.6 inches the answer.

The above short instances may perhaps be sufficient,—those who are curious in such researches may find ample satisfaction in *Robinson's Mensuration*.

The solidity and weight of any body (however irregular,) may be very exactly determined thus :—Into any vessel, whose horizontal sections are easily computed, pour as much water as will cover the body whose solidity is required, then immerse it, and observe how high the water has risen : the solid content of this additional space occupied by such immersion, will equal the solidity of that body ; from which (per table) the weight may be readily computed.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Woolton*

THE DOCTOR OUTWITTED.

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reached the foot of a mountain; as I ascended, the scenery assumed a wilder and more desolate aspect. I surveyed its savage gorges, with astonishment and rapture; rocky fragments glittered in the sun, and the deep blue sky spread its lovely canopy over this magnificent panorama. After passing through a thicket, a view suddenly unfolded itself which appeared rather an illusion of the fancy, than real nature. No magical wand was ever fabled to shift more instantaneously the scene. I now heard

The roar of waters! from the headlong height
Vellno cleaves the wave-worn precipice;
The fall of waters! rapid as the light
The rushing mass seems shaking the abyss;
The hell of waters! where they howl and hiss,
And boil, in endless torture; while the sweat
Of their great agony, wrung out from this
Their Phlegethon, curls round the rocks of jet
That gird the gulf around, in pitiless horror set.

BYRON.

After having spent some time in admiring this sight of unparalleled magnificence, I continued my journey winding amongst these awful scenes, (of which no painting can give an adequate description, and of which an imagination, the most pregnant with sublime horrors, could form but a very imperfect idea), till I arrived at a narrow defile. On the one side huge masses of rock, sometimes lifted erect their bold and savage shapes, and sometimes, towered at an immense height over the path, with such threatening aspect, that I could not pass beneath them without feeling an involuntary shudder; on the other side was the frowning edge of a tremendous precipice, a mountain torrent struggling for passage, dashed and foamed in the abyss below, and added by its dismal roar, to the terror of the scene, which was heightened by the approach of darkness.

There was an air of wildness and desolation in every object around me, that inspired the mind with the most gloomy ideas. It conjured up to my imagination all the fantastical forms of "mountain sprites," and "mischievous elves," of which I had heard so many terrific tales in the days of my childhood.

Night was now fast approaching, and though I am not of a very timorous disposition, yet I must own I was not sorry to hear a faint and distant sound, which appeared to proceed from some convent bell, ringing for vespers; I followed the swelling tones, and to my great joy I soon perceived the spire of a village church. I made my horse quicken his pace, and having reached the summit of the mountain, I at last found myself again amongst human habitations.

It was a small hamlet, the abode of misery and wretchedness. I inquired of a peasant which was the residence of the Marchese. He shrugged up his shoulders, and pointed at an old moss-grown edifice. It was a stern old pile of other days, Firm as a fortress, with its fence of stone, Such as an army's battled strength delays, Standing with half its battlements alone, And with a thousand years of ivy grown, The garland of eternity, where wave The green leaves, over all, by time overthrown.

BYRON.

The gloomy repulsive appearance of this building had excited so unfavourable an impression on my mind, that I hesitated whether I should enter it, but a feeling of shame came over me, I taxed myself with childish pusillanimity, and getting off my horse I led him over the draw-bridge.

I knocked at a ponderous gate, and, as if by magic, it flew open, creaking on its rusty hinges—no one appeared—I walked on into a spacious court-yard, surprised at the deep, profound silence which reigned in this vast mansion.

But now the next and most important consideration was whether or how to proceed. The place seemed quite deserted, and yet I was certain that the Marchese di Castelbruno resided in it. The only rational surmise was, that the family resided in some of the remote angles of the castle, and this I was determined to find out.

Uncertain which way to turn, I ascended an ample staircase, and as I trod upon the marble steps the sound was diametrically re-echoed by the vaulted roof. I presently arrived in an immense hall. Its dreary walls were adorned with the dusty portraits of the former possessors of this desolate mansion, and the mouldering furniture laid about in strange confusion. The light of my torch aroused myriads of bats, and numerous owls were fluttering about trying to fly from the obnoxious glare, through the broken panes of the large Gothic windows.

Holding my torch in one hand, and grasping a pistol with the other, I remained for some time irresolute whether I should proceed. The most sombre reflections, such as the objects around me were calculated to inspire, now crowded upon my imagination. What, thought I to myself, can induce a person, of this rank and fortune of the Marchese, to reside in so lonely, so dismal a place? Might he not, perchance, be the leader, the chief of a horde of banditti, and seclude himself in this solitary spot to avoid suspicion, or prevent detection? The significant shrug of the shoulders which the peasant gave when I inquired

the way to this castle now occurred to me, but added considerably to my suspicions and to my uneasiness.

As I was busied with these reflections I imagined I heard a murmur in some adjoining apartment—I startled. It appeared like the sound of human voices, they seemed to be approaching. I presently distinctly heard some one say—

“*he must be here, we must find him.*”

To recede was now impracticable, or at least equally dangerous as to remain. I placed myself against the wall, resolved, if it came to the worst, to sell my life dearly, and to make a stout defence.

A side door, which I had not perceived, suddenly opened, and two servants, with lighted torches, splendidly arrayed in gorgeous liveries, entered the hall. Their fear in beholding me, in so threatening an attitude as the one I had assumed, seemed very great. They inquired my pleasure, and having briefly explained to them who I was, and what I wanted, they desired me to follow them to their master’s apartment; a request with which, after a little hesitation, I acquiesced.

I followed my conductors through a labyrinth of rooms, staircases and galleries, for this palace, like Armida’s garden, was

“*Perplex’d with walks in many a devious maze.*” till we reached a seemingly new erected wing.

• When through the loftiest gate, the wanderer passed,

(And three of these, the spacious structure graced.)

With sculptured silver, glorious to behold,
The valves, on hinges hung, of burnished gold
Surprised I saw, excelled in every part,
The rich materials by the sculptured art.”

TASSO. JERUS. DEL.

In this elegant retirement I met with the most cordial and polite reception from the Marchese, who was surrounded by a numerous assemblage of gentlemen.

After the preliminary mutual compliments, he introduced me to the party. There was an air of candour in his behaviour, of benevolence in his countenance, that not only restored all my confidence, but made me ashamed of my former fears.

We passed the evening in jovial conviviality, and when the hour of bed-time arrived he apologised for not having a better room to offer me than the one he had ordered to be prepared; adding that the others were occupied by his friends who were present, and who were now on a visit to him. I begged he would put himself to no inconvenience on my account, and having wished him a hearty good-night, I followed the servant who was to conduct me to my bed-chamber.

As I walked along I asked what was become of my horse?

“Your horse, sir,” replied the man, “is well taken care of in the stable; we heard you knock at the gate, and as we hastened down we were surprised to find him without the rider. We concluded that you must have come up by the wrong staircase, which leads to the uninhabited part of the castle, where we afterwards found you.”

This elucidation convinced me of the absurdity of my conjectures, and I reached my room with the same sensations of delight as a sailor may be supposed to experience, when, after a violent tempest, he reaches his destined port in safety.

After the servant had retired, I began to survey my apartment—it was in a state of dilapidation. The tottering window frames seemed ready to be blown down by every gust of wind, and the old brocaded curtains and chairs bore evident testimony to the active industry of the moths. Having well ascertained that no one was in the room, I locked the door, put out my candle, and throwing myself on the bed, I soon fell into a profound sleep. In the middle of the night, I was awakened by a tremendous noise, that shook the massy building to its very foundation. It was one of those sudden storms so common in these elevated regions, and of whose violence, those only who have travelled through mountainous countries can form an adequate conception. It was “a sublime, terrific tumult of the elements,” the bleak north wind hissed, and howled, with hideous moan, in all directions, and drove the rain and hail with incredible force against the shattered window. The vivid lightning flashed, in white fantastic streaks, in fearful rapid succession. Loud peals of thunder were re-echoed from mountain to mountain, and from that awful, that majestic sound, it appeared as if, *appropinquante mundi terminis*—the whole creation’s end were near at hand.

I got up to fasten my window shutter, and as I was groping about to find my bed again, I perceived, through a crevice in the wall, a faint glimmering of light. I approached softly, holding my breath. I looked, and started back, horror-struck. I mustered up all my resolution, and, advancing cautiously, I again beheld, in a sort of vault below, an assemblage of people, seated round a table covered with black cloth, on which lay several daggers, and, at the further end, stood a person whom I recognised as my Host. From his gesticulations, I conjectured that he was declaiming with great vehemence, but the distance, as well as the noise of

the storm, prevented me from hearing what he said.

My blood curdled with horror at the sight; my hair stood erect, as if the chill of death had struck me. Every doubt had now ceased, every illusion vanished, and I had acquired the melancholy certainty of being amongst a band of ruffians, who, for aught I knew to the contrary, might at that very instant be discussing if, or how, they should put me to death. As soon as the first emotion of fear had subsided, I became more calm and collected. I dressed myself as well as I could in the dark, took my pistols, and having commended my soul to God, I seated myself in a chair, fully resigned to my fate.

In this terrible situation, the mind, agitated with a tumult of sombre ideas, floating, as it were, between horror and hope, life and death, I hailed with raptures the dawn of approaching day. The clock presently struck the hour of eight. The same servant came to wake me. I had no need of it, but perceiving the necessity of making "*bonne mine a mauvais jeu*," and, under the plausible pretext of an early ride, I ordered my horse.

As soon as I had got without the castle walls, I breathed a fervent prayer to God, through whose gracious interposition I had escaped the dangers that had encompassed me, and, without losing much time, I hastened back to Terni. I was aware that it would be equally dangerous, and imprudent, to make my adventure known till I had reached some place of safety, and therefore hastened to Rome, with the utmost expedition.

Having safely arrived in that city, I went the next morning to read the paper in the Caffè del Corso. I took up the "*Diario Romano*," and almost the first article I read, informed me that the Marchese di Castelbruno had been detected and apprehended as one of the chiefs of the Carbonari.

with their small fallen blossoms: the heath perfumed the air; the melancholy voice of the cuckoo issued from the depths of the forests; the swallows returned from their pilgrimage; and in soft moonlight evenings, the nightingales answered one another from the copses; the vines with freshest green hung over the springing corn, and various flowers adorned the banks of each running stream.—*Valperga*.

BIRDS' NESTS.

Spring is abroad! the cuckoo's note
Floats o'er the flowery lea;
Yet nothing of the mighty sea
Her welcome tones import:
Nothing of lands where she has been,

Of fortunes she has known;
The joy of this remembered scene
Seems in her song alone.
No traveller she, whose vaunting boast
Tells of each fair but far-off coast:
She talks not here of eastern skies,
But of home and its pleasant memories.

Spring is abroad! a thousand more
Sweet voices are around.

Which yesterday a thrush sang
Gave to some foreign shore;

I know not where,—it matters not;

To-day their thoughts are bent

To pitch, in some sequestered spot,

Their secret summer tent.

Hid from the glance of urchin's eyes,

Peering already for the prize;

While daily, hourly intervene

The clustering leaves, a closer screen.

In bank, in bush, in hollow bold,

High on the rocky tree,

On the grey cliffs that haughtily

The ocean waves control;

Far in the solitary fen,

On heath, and mountain boar,

Beyond the foot or fear of men,

Or by the cottage door;

In grassy tuft, in ivied tower,

Where'er directs th' instinctive power,

Or loves each jocund pair to dwell,

Is built the cone, or feathery cell.

Beautiful things! than I, no boy

Your treasures may discern

Sparkling beneath the forest fern

With livelier sense of joy;

I would not bear them from the nest,

To leave fond hearts regretting;

But, like the soul screened in the breast,

Like gems in beauteous setting,

Amidst Spring's leafy, green array

I deem them; and from day to day,

Passing, I pause, to turn aside,

With joy, the boughs where they abide.

The mysteries of life's early day

Lay thick as summer dew;

Like it, they glittered and they flew,

With ardent youth away;

But not a charm of yours has faded;

Ye are full of marvel still.

The Selector;

AND

LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

AN ITALIAN SPRING.

Spring advanced, and the mountains looked forth from beneath the snow: the chestnuts began to assume their light and fan-like foliage: the dark flex and cork-trees which crowned the hills threw off their burthen of snow; and the olives, now in flower, starred the mountain-paths

Now Jordan's odd, and have persuaded
 With heavenly fire, ye thrill
 And breathe into life, and bear
 Beauty and music through the air:
 Embryos of a shell to-day;
 To-morrow, and—away! away!
 Methinks, even as I gaze, there springs
 Life from each tilted cone;
 And wandering thought has onward flown
 Where speed careering wings.
 To lands, to summer lands afar,
 To the mangrove and the palm;
 To the region of each stranger star
 Led by a blissful charm:
 Like toys in beauty here they lay—
 They are gone o'er the sounding ocean's spray;
 They are gone to bowers and skies more fair,
 And have left us to our march of care.

Time's Telescope.

Arts and Sciences.

SPECIFIC GRAVITY.

(For the Mirror.)

SIR,—The following brief illustration of the article upon this subject, inserted in page 177, No. 243, of the MIRROR, may perhaps be acceptable.

Yours, most respectfully,

JACOBUS.

I. When a heavy body is weighed in any fluid, it loses therein so much of its weight as an equal bulk of that fluid is found to weigh; thus per table, right-hand column.

A cubic inch of lead = .40917 } lbs.
 A cubic inch of water = .03317 } Avoird.

Their difference is = .373 lbs., the weight of a cubic inch of lead in rain-water.

Example.—An irregular piece of lead-ore from Yorkshire, weighs in a scale 12 oz., but in water only 7 oz. (so that a quantity of water of equal magnitude weighs just 5 oz.); another piece from Derbyshire weighs in the scale 14½ oz., and in water 9 oz. What is the comparative (or specific) weight of these two ores?

14½ — 9 = 5½ weight of water, of equal bulk to Derby specimen, then 14½ × 5 = 72½ Derby ore's gravity, and 12 × 5½ = 66 Yorkshire ditto; hence their specific gravity is as 72½ to 66.

II. The solidity of any body in inches, multiplied by the corresponding tabular weight, will give the weight in lbs. avoirdupois.

Example.—Admit a piece of oak measures 56 inches long, 18 broad, and 12 deep, what is its weight?

56 × 18 × 12 = 12096 cubic inches, which multiplied by .0331, will give ra-

ther more than 406 lbs. and 6 oz. the answer.

Admit a block of marble measures 63 feet long, 12 feet wide, and 12 feet thick, what is the weight? (This is given by authors, as the dimensions of an immense block in the walls of Balbec, in Turkey.)
 63 × 12 × 12 = 9072 solid feet, which × 1728 = 15676416 cubic inches, this × by .03773 = 1532086 lbs. 13508 = 683 tons, 19 cwt. 8 lb. 2 oz. 17.

III. The weight of any body in lbs. Avoirdupois, being divided by the corresponding tabular number, quotes the solidity in cubic inches.

Example.—Suppose a piece of oak weighs 400.3776 lbs., what is its solidity?
 400.3776 ÷ .0331 = 12096 inches the answer.

IV. The absolute weight of a body floating in a liquid, is equal to the weight of such part of the fluid as is displaced thereby.

Example.—How many inches will a cubic foot of elm sink in water?

.02894 × 1728 = rather more than 50 lbs. (the weight of a foot of elm, or of the water displaced).

50 lb. ÷ .03617 (the specific gravity of water) = 1382.3 cubic inches immersed, which divided by 144, gives 9.6 inches the answer.

The above short instances may perhaps be sufficient,—those who are curious in such researches may find ample satisfaction in *Robinson's Mensuration*.

The solidity and weight of any body (however irregular,) may be very exactly determined thus:—Into any vessel, whose horizontal sections are easily computed, pour as much water as will cover the body whose solidity is required, then immerse it, and observe how high the water has risen: the solid content of this additional space occupied by such immersion, will equal the solidity of that body; from which (per table) the weight may be readily computed.

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